THE GUINEA VOYAGE.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY

JAMES FIELD STANFIELD.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by JAMES PHILLIPS, George-Yard, Lombard-Street.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

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THE PREFACE.

THE author of the following poem having given to the world a little tract, intituled, "Obſervations on a Guinea Voyage," had no intention to trouble the reader with a preface; but conceiving that the preſent work might fall into hands which the other had never reached, he thought it proper to ſay, that it was made up not from hearſay, and the communication of others, but from his own experience, (poetical figures excepted) in conſequence of an actual reſidence on the couſt of Africa, and the performance of a Guinea voyage.

He now ſubmits his little effort to the publick, and ſhall feel himſelf amply repaid, if he can intereſt the feelings of but a few individuals in ſuch a manner, as to ſecure their attention, and occaſion them to reflect upon the ſubject.

May the 8th 1789.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ADDRESS to the muſe.—Drearineſs of the ſubject, and difficulty of expreſſing it in its true colours.—Aſſociation of merchants, and outfit of the voyage.—General difficulty, and artifices uſed, in obtaining a crew.—Some, from the pangs of unrequited paſſion, ruſh voluntarily into the trade.—Such the caſe of Ruſſel—his character and tale.—Character of the maſter of the veſſel.—The crew obtained—take leave of their connexions and ſail—paſs by Madeira—and Canary Iſlands.—Exclamation to the winds.—Barbarity towards the ſeamen begins to make its appearance.—Apoſtrophe to Britiſh ſeamen to avoid the trade.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE veſſel approaches the coaſt.—The Guardian Genius of Africa calls a council of the other preſiding powers—deſcribes to them the miſeries occaſioned by European viſitors—

and

and propoſes to each of them in his department, to rouze the different demons of the climate, and arm them to puniſh the invaders on board the approaching veſſel.—They obey her mandate.—The morbifick plagues crowd to the vindictive ſtandard, and, taking death for their leader, ſtand embattled on the ſhore.—The veſſel arrives and anchors.—Native-agents are allured, and go out on the buſineſs of the voyage.—Slaves are brought down to the veſſel—are examined—purchaſed—put on board—and confined below.—Death, at the head of his legions, beholds the ſcene.—Diſpatches Cruelty from the ranks to take poſſeſſion of the maſter's heart.—Effects of this union on the crew.—The whole peſtiferous body advance to the attack.—Progreſs of the ſickneſs among the crew.—Death of Ruſſel.—The contagion ſpreads.—Diſhonours of the dead.—Addreſs to the Britiſh ſenate.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BENEVOLENT example of the Quakers propoſed.—The Middle Paſſage commences.—Night view of the ſlaves below.—Morning ſcene, when brought upon deck.—Time for meſſing arrives.—Some refuſe ſuſtenance, and periſh.—Story of Abyeda.

Abyeda.—Child-birth on the paſſage.—Addreſs to the Britiſh ladies.—The ſlaves arrive in the colonies—are ſold by ſcramble—are ſeparated from their connexions, and landed.—Addreſs to Divine Juſtice—efforts of mercy.—Abolition of the ſlave trade anticipated—prophetick view of Africa after the abolition.

THE

THE GUINEA VOYAGE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE direful voyage to Guinea's ſultry ſhore,
And Afric's wrongs indignant Muſe! deplore.
The Muſe, alas! th' opprobrious theme diſdains,
And ſtarts abhorrent from th' unhallow'd ſtrains.
How bleſt the bard whom happier themes inſpire,
Who wakes with kindred lays his melting lyre;
Whoſe liquid tones by ſympathy impart,
Joy's glad emotions to the feeling heart!
O far from me the notes which pleaſure ſings!
With trembling rage I ſweep the harſher ſtrings.
My grating ſhell ſhou'd wound the tortur'd ear,
For diſcord only can be muſic here.
Be mine ſuch deadly notes as fiercely pour
The ſhrieks of anguiſh on the midnight hour!
Be mine the broken ſtrain, the fearful ſound,
That wildly winds the howling death-ſong round!

Come then, O heav'nly Muſe! with Sybil-bough,
Lead thro' the horrors of theſe ſcenes of woe:
Support the fainting weakneſs that recoils
At well-known griefs, and long-ſupported toils:
Extend thine hand where threat'ning gulphs are ſpread;
Lift thy broad ſhield where ſtorms beat round the head:
Illume the dreary waſte—inſpire the lay—
Guide my weak pow'rs along the arduous way:
Help me to paint the melancholy view,
The diſmal track of ocean to purſue,
And with the Eagle-eye of Truth pervade
All the dark mazes of th' *inhuman Trade*.
O could the verſe but to my wiſhes move,
No ſpicy zephyrs borne on wings of love,
No gentle pinions, fanning ſpring-tide air,
Should give one image, or be mentioned here.
Thy black *Tornado*, ill-ſtar'd *Afric*—thine—
Should be the model of my varied line!
On the ſtill diction of the mournful ſtrain,
The riſing darkneſs ſhould profuſely reign:
The ſable cloud ſhould wrap the ſullen ſong,
And in grand melancholy ſweep along:
Then, by degrees, with gath'ring horrour fraught,
Tempeſtuous numbers, and electric thought,
Shake the big thunder—dart th' indignant beam—
Till the full torrent pour'd the headlong ſtream,

Whelm'd

Whelm'd ev'ry burſting breaſt in twofold ire,
Grief's melting ſhow'r—and indignation's fire.
At length the harden'd merchants cloſe combine,
And midnight Council broods the black deſign;
Strikes the firſt link of the tremend'ous chain,
Whoſe motion vibrates thro' the realms of pain.
Th' inſatiate thirſt of av'rice to ſupply,
Or fill the pomp of fancy's changing eye,
For vice, intemp'rance, paſſion, to provide,
To dreſs up folly, or to pamper pride,
The dev'liſh *traffic*'s plann'd. Now buſy care
Furrows each face, and clamours rend the air.
The ſounding anvil ſhakes the diſtant main,
Forging with pond'rous ſtrokes th' accurſed chain.
Th' attractive *outfit* claims each buſtling hand:
Confuſion works, and uproar gives command.
But arduous moſt (and that which moſt prevails,
And day and night th' unwearied mind aſſails)
Of Neptune's ſons a dauntleſs crew to gain,
To ſteer their veſſel through the boiſt'rous main.
For this a tribe confed'rate take the wing,
And round reſiſtleſs youth their poiſons fling.
Polluted dens of infamy they throng,
With painted vice, to raiſe the Syren-ſong;
With ſpecious arts ſubdue th' unwary mind,
Then cloſe their web, and faſt their victims bind.

At length with debts fictitious charge their caſe,
And make a *dungeon* ſtare them in the face.
Shut now from comfort, agoniz'd with grief,
Hopeleſs alike of juſtice, or relief——
One only portal opes the gloomy road;
One dire condition burſts the drear abode.
Slav'ry's dark genius heaves the iron door,
And, grinning ghaſtly, points to *Guinea*'s ſhore——
The mad'ning wretch now leaves the priſon gate,
And feels with horror his approaching fate.
Some few, the voluntary woe embrace,
Sore from falſe friends, or undeſerv'd diſgrace;
Subdu'd by pow'r, by fell misfortune worn,
Or by the pangs of hopeleſs paſſion torn;
Weary of griefs no patience can endure,
They ſeek the *Lethe* of a mortal cure.
Such, *Ruſſel*—lov'd companion, faithful friend!
Such were thy motives, ſuch thy purpos'd end.
Thy harmleſs ſpirit—gentleſt of thy kind,
Was ne'er to ſavage cruelty inclin'd.
Long happy *Afric* would have ſeen her ſons
Crowd freedom's plains, beneath protecting thrones;
E're thy meek hand—in virtue only brave,
Had put one fetter on the proſtrate ſlave!
Far other feelings his mild ſoul impreſt;
Far other ardours ſhook his hopeleſs breaſt.

With pureſt paſſion long his boſom beat,
Its riſe propitious, and its progreſs ſweet.
Returning love diffus'd the nameleſs charm,
And met his hopes, in virgin bluſhes warm.
In mutual confidence and fondneſs bleſt,
No guilt alarm'd, nor fear diſturb'd the breaſt.
But eyes parental, film'd with doubtful hue,
(That with inverted glaſs youth's proſpects view,)
Mark'd the ſoft tranſports of their chaſte delight,
And peeviſh envy ſicken'd at the ſight.
With keen infliction giv'n, the ſtern command
Cut with relentleſs ſtroke the tender band.
The pious maid, with duteous, fearful ſmart,
Tore the fond lover from her trembling heart.
Deſpairing, doating—with diſtracted mien—
He flew the ſpot, and chang'd the heav'nly ſcene;
Ruſh'd to the rigours of the frozen Pole,
To quench the conflicts of his fervid ſoul:
His fervid griefs the frozen aid deny,
And brave the winter of an arctic ſky;
Thence by the winds and fiercer paſſions blown,
He tries the ardours of the flaming zone.
Seeking with hopeleſs agony to find
Extremes like thoſe, which ſhook his tortur'd mind;
From cold deſpair's keen night and icy ſway,
To all the ſcorchings of Love's burning ray.

See o'er the gloſſy wave the veſſel ſkim,
In ſwelling garments proud, and neateſt trim,
Glitt'ring in ſtreamers, deck'd in painted guile,
Cov'ring the latent bane with ſpecious ſmile,
In ſhining colours, ſplendidly array'd,
Aſſume the honours of an *honeſt trade*,
And hide, beneath a proſtituted glare,
The poiſon'd purpoſe, and th' inſidious ſnare.
The crew for once now raiſe th' aſſociate ſtrain,
And the laſt drops from pleaſure's goblet drain.
The gloomy *maſter* views with looks malign
Their ſhort-liv'd mirth, and hugs the black deſign——
Feeds his dark rancour with the foul alloy——
How ſoon the impending fate will damn their joy.
So when primeval bliſs through *Eden* ſtream'd,
And young-ey'd innocence on pleaſure beam'd,
With heedleſs joy the unſuſpecting pair,
Revell'd in guiltleſs rapture, void of care.
Stung with the ſight, the ſoul-enſnaring fiend,
Slav'ry's firſt author, with fell rancour grinn'd;
Fermenting envy ſwell'd the villain-thought—
How ſoon his kindred mates, with malice fraught,
Sin, *pain*, and *death*, would throw their ſhades between,
And blaſt with horror the delightful ſcene,
Change the lov'd converſe and th' enchanting air,
To ſhrieks of woe and howlings of deſpair!

Now

Now toſt beneath the veſſel's ample ſide,
The laſt boat lingers on the breaking tide.
The bending deck receives the parting crow'd;
And ſhades of ſorrow ev'ry face o'ercloud;
Aſſociates, friends, compreſs the burning hand;
In pale dejection weeping maidens ſtand—
Preſageful, eye the liquid, wild abyſs,
And wet with tender tears the trembling kiſs;
Sink from the nerveleſs arm, in loſt diſmay,
As the dread ſignal ſpeeds the boat away;
Three ſoul-expanding ſhouts the ſkies divide;
Three wild, reſponſive cheers re-echo wide—
The ſweet vibrations tremble on the ear
The laſt delightful ſounds they'll ever hear!
And now the refluent boat evades the ſight,
High-mounting waves the veſſels diſunite.
Still the white ſignal, fading, ſtrains the eyes,
Still the lorn lover with his hand replies;
Till melting into air—the object loſt—
And duty ſternly calling to his poſt,
'Twixt him and joy th' eternal curtain's drawn,
No more of bliſs to know another dawn.
Swift from the breezy north, aſſiſting gales
Impel the courſe, and ſwell the yielding ſails.
Before the ſightleſs breeze the veſſel flies,
Clambers the mountain ſea, and braves the ſkies;

Or thund'ring down the depths that foam below,
Ploughs up the frothy brine with daſhing prow.
The rattling cordage whirls, the ſail-yards ſtrain,
The winding pipe re-echoes o'er the main:
Firm in their ſtations, ply th' obedient crowd,
Trim the directing lines, and ſtrain the ſhroud;
Tug at the beating ſheets with ſinew'd force,
And give the vaſt machine its ſteady courſe.
Now, all that meets the vainly ſtraining eye,
Is boundleſs ocean and unmeaſur'd ſky.
Unleſs perchance, beyond the wat'ry trace,
Iberia's purple hills th' horizon grace:
Or on the right, with a whole vintage rod,
Storm-beat *Madeira* waves her woody head.
Still o'er the pathleſs waſte, with rapid force,
Led by th' encreaſing ray, we urge the courſe.
Surrounding dolphins gambol o'er the tide,
And deck the blue-green wave with ſilver pride:
Swift from the beauteous tyrant, the weak fry
Forſake the flood, and arid æther try,
Spread the moiſt wing—attempt th' untoward height,
And in ſhort ſoarings urge their trembling flight.
The breathing porpus cleaves his pond'rous way,
The flouncing ſkipjacks bound in liquid play;
Bonitoes court the ſpray on either ſide,
And Albicores in ſhining mazes glide:

While

While huge Leviathan, in monarch mood,
Spooms, like an iſland, thro' the ſubject flood.
At length aſſiſted by the boreal breeze,
And ſouthward urg'd by ſwift-purſuing ſeas,
Cloſe in our liquid path blue mountains riſe,
Lifting their miſty ſummits to the ſkies;
The cluſt'ring iſles, (once fortune's own domain)
That break the ſurges of th' *Atlantic* main.
Next on our left, rear'd by volcanic fires,
Shading all ocean, *Teneriffe* aſpires,
Above the topmoſt clouds, with giant might,
Heaves his *Promethean* peak to ſeize the light,
And thro' conducting veins, with chemic pow'r,
Recruits exhauſted nature's fiery ſtore.
While from the Weſt ambroſial ſcents exhale,
As *Palma* ſhakes her orchards to the gale.
Up from the rocky beach the cluſters run,
And ſpread their purple ripeneſs to the ſun.
Theſe ſcenes, alas! we paſs with luckleſs ſpeed,
And all their beauties rapidly recede.
For, from the mazy chambers of the ſky,
Loos'd by chill *Boreas*, all the breezes fly;
And from the pole with force gigantick hurl'd,
Urge our ſwift paſſage through the wat'ry world.
Unconſcious winds, why waft your ſpeeding gales?
Why breathe your influence on the ruffian ſails?

Is it yon enſign, waving high in air,
With *Britiſh* crimſon dy'd, that claims your care?
Alas! unconſcious winds—yon waving red,
With *Britiſh* honours ſo profanely ſpread,
Is not the hallow'd ſtandard, whoſe high fame
Leads *Albion*'s ſons to deeds of proud acclaim;
Is not the flag, with whoſe protecting ſway
Commerce embolden'd tries the watry way.
Beneath that ſpecious banner, the dark pow'r
Of ſavage rigour ripens ev'ry hour:
The bloating poiſon ſwells the feeble bound,
And burſting throws the rankled venom round.
Now reſtleſs tyranny triumphant reigns,
For now no proſpect of retreat remains.
Far from fair freedom's bliſsful regions thrown,
The mournful ſeamen heave th' unheeded groan.
At ev'ry movement of th' imperious brow,
Beneath rude hands, the hapleſs victims bow.
Should diſcontent be ſeen, or angry eye,
Struck to the deck the proſtrate ſuff'rers lie:
Or to the ſhrouds ingloriouſly bound,
They feel the laſh in many a ſmarting wound.
Nor can reſentment lift th' avenging hand—
With ſunken ſpirits, and a frame unmann'd—
For (now the meal in ſtinted ſcraps ſupplied,
And cheering bev'rage purpoſely denied,)

The vital current flags—th' ſinews faint,
Th' exhauſted voice ſcarce breathes the weak complaint:
A torpid languor ſeizes ev'ry vein,
And the ſoul ſinks beneath th' oppreſſive chain.
Ye ſons of *Britain*, who, in dangers brave,
Dare all the tumults of th' uncertain wave;
Whoſe dauntleſs minds alike with ardour glow,
To waft fair commerce, or to meet the foe;
O ſhun the fatal courſe!—the torrid ray
Will wither elſe each active pow'r away:
Unnerv'd at length the common fate you'll meet,
And gaſp reſiſtleſs at your tyrant's feet.
Then with the laſt-drawn groan of deep deſpair
You'll curſe the day that gave you vital air!

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

GUINEA VOYAGE.

BOOK THE SECOND.

HIGH, where primeval foreſts ſhade the land,
And in majeſtic, ſolemn, order ſtand,
A ſacred ſtation raiſes now its ſeat
O'er the loud ſtream, that murmurs at its feet,
Of *Niger*, ruſhing thro' the fertile plains,
Swell'd by the cataracts of tropic rains,
Long 'ere ſurcharg'd his turgid flood divides,
To burſt on ocean in three thund'ring tides.
Thither high-ſeated in an iv'ry car,
Glitt'ring with gold expreſs'd in many a ſtar,
By alligators drawn in dread array,
Afric's aërial empreſs bends her way.
The ſpicy breezes throw their ſweets around;
With pealing ſtrains the hollow woods reſound:
A train of nymphs ſurround the radiant pow'r,
And duteous lead her to the regal bow'r.

Amidſt

Amidſt the ſplendours, that thus round her ſhone,
Th' imperial miſtreſs fill'd the Sylvan throne.
Th' Heſperian ſun from the deſcent of day
Beam'd on her front ſerene a languid ray.
About her ſandal'd feet, in ſapient mood,
The river-gods, an awful council, ſtood:
And ev'ry pow'r, that rul'd the burning clime,
Sat in the crowded court with port ſublime:
When round th' auguſt Divan a mournful look
Caſt the ſad Queen, and thus the ſilence broke.

Ye various rulers of th' extended ſhores,
Where bounteous day his brighteſt radiance pours;
On whoſe ripe vales the fat'ning deluge flows,
Luxuriance ſits, eternal ſummer glows;
Say, can ye longer brook the ſavage hand,
That, with rapacious av'rice, thins the land?
Can ye reſiſtleſs ſee the ruthleſs chain
Still ſpread its horrors o'er th' unpeopled plain?
Look over yonder main that ſhakes the ſhores,
Where yon green-promontory's ſummit ſoars,
The tawny ſail our ſurging bulwark braves,
(Cruel the winds, and treacherous the waves)
Europe's pale ſons direct the barb'rous prow,
And bring their ſtores and inſtruments of woe.

Say, ſhall theſe tyrants with inhuman aim
Our hapleſs ſons and weeping daughters claim?

Shall

Shall we—O blind!—ſtill aid the ruffian band,
That ſtains our coaſt, and bares our wretched land?
Our realms, alas! abandon'd to deſpair,
Supinely ſunk, the ſlaviſh ſhackles wear:
Surges in vain defend the burning ſtrand;
In vain impervious foreſts fence the land.
Our native monſters treach'rous tameneſs ſhew,
Forget their fury, and admit the foe;
Our rebel crocodiles their fierceneſs loſe,
Shrouding their treaſon in the gelid ooze;
Our ſtingleſs ſerpents twine in gentle play,
And harmleſs tygers crop the flow'ry ſpray;
The recreant lion ſmooths his ſavage eye,
While the dire ſpoiler ſtalks unheeded by.
Fly to your ſep'rate realms, ye chiefs of worth,
And call the vengeful pow'rs of *Afric* forth;
Summon diſeaſe, with all her ghaſtly brood,
To greet theſe traffickers in human blood.
Call forth the terrors of the fervid ſkies;
Bid miſty demons from your marſhes riſe;
With congregated horrors crowd the plain—
And drive theſe pallid robbers o'er the main!
An awful murmur inſtantly tranſpires—
Th' applauſe, that wiſdom gives, when genius fires;
Not the vain ſhout the ſhallow rabble draws,
But conſcious judgment's well-approving pauſe.

Nor

Nor with weak praiſe they greet the ſcepter'd fair,
But ſpeed to execute th' important care.
Now thro' the duſky air they range their flight,
Veil'd by the cov'ring of the baleful night.
To thouſand realms the charge vindictive flies:
In thouſand realms their ſummon'd furies riſe;
To the dark ſtores of pain they fly to arm—
And, there prepar'd, the dreadful legions ſwarm.
Red from the foggy eaſt the ſun aſcends,
And gleams new terror on th' envenom'd fiends:
Round their ghaunt leaders throng th' unſightly hoſt,
Rear the black ſign, and fill th' allotted poſt.
In heavy columns troops *lethargic* ſound,
Flap their huge wings, and throw their opiates round.
Fierce o'er the field conflagrant ſquadrons bend,
And fiery *fevers* thro' the regions ſend.
While from moiſt clouds, which brood o'er deſarts bare,
Where *Lambre*'s ſtagnant lake pollutes the air,
Preſs frigid *agues* in th' alternate row,
And give their chill variety to woe.
But chief—the multitude that crowds the field,
That points the ſpear, and lifts the Gorgon ſhield,
Breaks from the ſlimy marſh and ſwampy plains,
Where proud *Benin* in triple bulwark reigns.
Call'd by the zenith ſun, the putrid band
Spreads its corroſive poiſons o'er the land:

Myriads

Myriads of ſprites their acrid venoms throw,
And *colic* arrows fly from ev'ry bow.
Rang'd in broad horror, with extended line,
In dread battalia the grim ſpectres ſhine;
Unnumber'd, gory ſtandards wave around,
And ſhrieks and groans (their native muſic) ſound.
But now, a dreadful pauſe—ſpread wide and far—
Throws more than terror o'er the baleful war.
Such dreadful pauſe ſhall frighted nature feel,
'Ere the laſt trump reſounds th' eternal peal.
For full in front, bedew'd with orphan's tears,
Their ghaſtly leader, Night-born *Death* appears.
Mean while the turgid blaſts the ſails expand,
And drive the veſſel to the deſtin'd land;
Anchor'd at length, and paſs'd the wat'ry way,
She opes her luring treaſures to the day;
Such treaſures as beguile the ſavage mind,
And leave no marks, but thoſe of vice, behind.
Quick the deluded natives wing their way,
And prowl inſatiate for the deſtin'd prey.
Unfeeling *av'rice* helps t'extend the wound,
And ſlyly hurls the flaming brand around.
See—his fell torches ſpread devouring fires!
The peaceful village in the blaze expires.
Sunk in the terrors of their burning rage,
Lie helpleſs *infancy* and feeble *age*:

While *Vigour*—flying the conſuming ray,
'Scapes but to drag in chains the ling'ring day.
Nor theſe the only ills that haunt the ſhore,
And ſpring deſtructive from the freighted ſtore.
The hind returning from his daily care,
Seiz'd in the thicket, feels the ruffian ſnare.
Mean while his anxious wife, with eager eye,
Looks on the homeward path, and evening ſky.
Children, bereft, the nightly boon require,
And anxious call their ſlow-returning ſire.
Ne'er ſhall returning ſire his children bleſs——
Ne'er ſhall the weeping wife her huſband preſs——
For av'rice, burſting ev'ry tender band,
Sweeps, like a deluge, thro' the hapleſs land!
Slow to the ſhores now march the fetter'd crowd,
Tugging their chains, or bent beneath the load.
Torn from all kindred ties diſmay'd they ſtand,
While prying cruelty's inſulting hand
Minutely vigilant, with butcher ſkill,
Turns the dejected victim at it's will,
And (ev'ry limb, and ev'ry joint ſurvey'd)
Completes the practice of the brutal trade.
Now the ſad purchaſe—Heav'ns! my pow'rs refuſe,
Tho' truth illumines, and tho' fires the muſe.
Nature recoils, and in her depths profound,
Receives, heart-ſtruck, the parricidal wound!

As the wan traders pay *the price of blood*,
O'er the black proſpect gathering terrors brood:
The guardian ſpirits look with horror down,
And change their mattins to one hideous groan.
E'en the bright angel, ſent t' enrol the deed
By heav'n born *Juſtice*,—turns aſide his head;
And as th' infernal crime his fingers trace,
Hides, with his ſnowy veſt, his tortur'd face.
The purchaſe made, in ſable terrors dreſt,
The ſhip receives each agitated gueſt.
Torn as his boſom is, ſtill wonder grows,
As o'er the vaſt machine the victim goes,
Wonder, commix'd with anguiſh, ſhakes his frame
At the ſtrange ſight his language cannot name.
For all that meets his eye, above, below,
Seems but to him the inſtruments of woe.
The yawning deck now opes the dreary cell;
Hot miſts exhale in many a putrid ſmell.
Confin'd with chains, at length the hapleſs ſlave,
Plung'd in the darkneſs of the floating cave,
With horror ſees the hatch-way cloſe his ſight——
His laſt hope leaves him with the parting light!
This ſaw the ghaſtly chief, as on the ſhore,
He waited with his hoſt th' avenging hour;
Quick, from the ranks he calls a blood-nurs'd fiend,
Hell ſees no direr from her womb aſcend:

'Twas on a rack the monſter held his ſtand;
A ſcorpion ſcourge wav'd in his wither'd hand;
Snaky his locks—his eye-balls roll'd in flame;
Sin's ſecond-born, and *Cruelty* his name.
Fly, ſays the night-born chief, without delay,
To where yon veſſel rides the wat'ry way.
Upon the *maſter* all your influence pour,
And join with him to ſpeed th' avenging hour,
Soon ſhall my fiends your red-ſtain'd track purſue,
And cloſe the carnage on the ruffian crew.
The mandate giv'n, quick from the rack he flies,
And to the *maſter* turns his ſtedfaſt eyes;
Down, like the lightning's fury, ruſhes prone,
And on his heart erects his bloody throne!
Inſpired thus, and thus his heart poſſeſt,
New tumults kindle in his flaming breaſt.
Pallid or *black*—the *free* or *fetter'd* band,
Fall undiſtinguiſh'd by his ruffian hand.
Nor age's awe, nor ſex's ſoftneſs charm;
Nor law, nor feeling, ſtop his blood-ſteep'd arm.
While, ſkill'd in ev'ry torture that can rend,
O'er gaſping heaps exults th' aſſociate fiend.
Mark, how in helliſh wantonneſs, he calls
Yon trembling innocent—the ſight appals!
The weeping ſacrifice, with nerveleſs pace,
Obeys the mandate—while his infant face

The butcher ſeizing, with infernal hold,
Haſtens his gripe in lacerating fold;
In his torn mouth the wounded paſſage finds,
And thro' the mangled cheeks his fingers winds!
This but his firſt eſſay. Inſpir'd anew,
He ſeeks freſh tortures for his trembling crew.
Convolv'd in pangs, that rev'rend form ſurvey
Beneath his country's wars and commerce grey,
Now writhes his tortur'd frame! The ſcourges ply—
And from the laſh the quiv'ring morſels fly.
Invention next, from her exhauſtleſs ſtores,
O'er the bare bones the venom lotion pours,
Whoſe acrid ſalts in ſearching conflict dart,
With pungent anguiſh barbing ev'ry ſmart:
The tortur'd fibres their laſt feeling ſtrain,
And life juſt vibrates on the ſtrings of pain!
Nor this the cloſe: between his toothleſs jaws
The furious monſter the thwart iron draws——
The poor relief to wail his fate denied,
And the hot gore ſent down in choaking tide,
Unnat'rally return'd with horrid force,
Dire meal! again to throb its waſted courſe!
But while new tortures raiſe the piercing cry,
And wound with dreadful ſight the wearied eye,
Th' avenging hour arrives—in dreadful din
The troops of wan diſeaſe their march begin.

With eagle eye they trace the fatal road
Their agent *cruelty* had mark'd with blood.
Death, ghaſtly death, the ſable ſtandard bears,
And at their head in all his pow'r appears.
Now droops the head in faint dejection hung,
Now raging thirſt enflames the dry parch'd tongue;
In yellow films the rayleſs eye is ſet,
With chilling dews the loaded brow is wet;
Fierce thro' the burning roads of purple life,
The various venoms ruſh with rival ſtrife,
Their poiſons thro' th' inteſtine mazes bear,
The viſcous linings from their channels tear;
Pour with corroding deluge thro' the frame,
And whelm the vitals in the liquid flame.
Th' infected air, upon her loaded wings,
Thro' the warm ſhip the green contagion flings.
Strew'd o'er the filthy deck, the fever'd lie,
And for cool moiſture raiſe the feeble cry;
The pitying meſſmate brings the cheering draught,
And, in the pious act, the venom'd ſhaft,
Repays the charity with barb ingrate,
And whelms the ſoother in the kindred fate.
Three miſty ſuns in beamleſs grief aroſe,
And glimmer'd, *Ruſſel*, on thy mortal woes!
The fourth beheld th' eternal angel nigh,
As friendſhip ſpeechleſs watch'd thy fading eye.

While throbs convulſive thy ſtrain'd vitals wrung,
One only murmur trembled on thy tongue,
One ſov'reign accent rack'd thy parting frame—
The rending ſounds, that form'd *Maria*'s name!
And as thy laſt pulſe beat with quiv'ring chill,
Thy trembling eye-balls look'd *Maria* ſtill.
The gloomy King in joy inſatiate ſtrides,
And o'er the havock dreadfully preſides;
No ſpeedy exit to the ſuff'rer ſhews,
But makes him linger out his painful woes.
In livid clouds the ſallow ſkin is vein'd.
With putrid ſores the ghaſtly form is ſtain'd:
The palſied limbs refuſe their wonted aid;
'Midſt filth and blood the meagre body's laid;
Hunger's fell worm tugs with inceſſant rage,
And arid thirſt, no potions can aſſwage:
Corroſive pain prolongs the wrankling wound,
'Ere franchis'd life can leap the burning bound,
All that with anguiſh can afflict the mind,
With all that racks the dying frame conjoin'd.
Nor does the flaming ſword of vengeance ſheath,
Tho' the laſt pang be paid to victor death.
O'er the fall'n reliques new diſhonours brood;
Unholy fury rends the ſacred ſhroud;
If to the ſea conſign'd—the hallow'd corſe
The briny monſters ſeize with ſavage force.

If

If to the freſh'ning flood the lifeleſs clay,
Rank alligators ſeize the quiv'ring prey.
Or when, more favour'd, on the burning land
The kindred duſt is mix'd with ſolemn hand,
Fierce from his nightly watch and native wood,
Lur'd by the diſtant ſcent of morbid blood
The tiger ruſhes by foul carnage led,
From the freſh tomb tears up the the reeking dead,
Devours the mangled limbs—churns the chill gore——
The laſt avenger of th' inſulted ſhore!

Like the wild ſcreaming of the midnight blaſt,
'Midſt the torn cordage of the ſhatter'd maſt,
With notes that pierce th' unwholſome welkin through,
The ſhrill-blown pipe convenes the remnant crew.
The remnant crew their o'ercharg'd boſoms ſmite,
And riſe to join the melancholy rite.
With painful ſteps the burning deck they crowd,
Or penſive hang upon the ſlacken'd ſhroud;
Speechleſs they mark the foul preſageful wave,
That, *Ruſſel*—parting, opes thy fluid grave!

The jutting hatch, a ſable bier, is laid,
The pitchy pall throws a funereal ſhade,
His honour'd corſe in awful form diſpos'd,
Decent his clay-cold limbs—his eyelids clos'd;
The ringlet dear, which once *Maria* grac'd,
Upon his breaſt by holy friendſhip plac'd;

The ſinking iron ſlung with duteous pains,
In ſhrouded canvaſs wrapt his cold remains,
A rev'rent ſilence the ſad proſpect draws;
The ſacred liturgy, with ſolemn pauſe
Swells the ſad ſound, at whoſe *inverted* doom,
Plung'd in th' abyſs, he finds the liquid tomb!
O ye, who form the Senatorian band,
And help to guide the councils of the land,
Say, can ye hear theſe tales of mortal woe,
And bid your tears forget their taſk to flow?
Are there among you, whoſe exalted plan
'Tis to aſſwage the ſufferings of man?
Are there, who, proud of Britain's publick name,
Pronounce her navy fountain of her fame?
Are there ſincerely good among her ſons
And that there are exulting Britain owns?
O timely join your ſympathetick aid
To blaſt the horrors of th' infernal trade!
So ſhall your buſts each reſcu'd infant preſs,
Mothers unborn for living ſons ſhall bleſs.
So ſhall poſterity to lateſt age
Engrave your names upon her faireſt page,
And weave a crown, to thoſe alone decreed,
Who reſcue *millions* by one glorious deed.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

GUINEA VOYAGE.

BOOK THE THIRD.

BLEST—ever bleſt, remain the gentle band!
Whoſe peaceful ſpirits and whoſe Chriſtian hand,
Have loos'd the fetters of the captive race,
And bid fair freedom ſeize oppreſſion's place.
Friends be their well-earn'd name, emphatic given,
Friends to mankind, and delegates of heaven!
No frantic wars diſgrace their mild abodes;
Nor rigour bends, nor ſelfiſh guile corrodes;
Nor impious oath their pure affirmance ſtains;
Peace lights their gentle path, and wiſdom reigns.
Freedom, ſimplicity, religion's rays
Combin'd, reſtore *Aſtræa's* golden days.
O would mankind the bright example view,
Preſs the ſmooth track, the godlike aim purſue!
Would they conjoin'd the virtuous purpoſe aid,
Soon the black vitals of th' opprobrious trade

Would fail, ſoon ceaſe the blood-disfigur'd ſcene,
The captive's woe, the victim's trembling mein,
And all the ills (a lamentable train)
That now demand the renovated ſtrain.

The hateful purchaſe made—compreſſive ſtow'd,
The floating dungeon with th' unnat'ral load
Is cramm'd profane: immers'd in deadly gloom,
The ſhackled ſufferers wait th' expected doom,
Till the bark, glutted with the purchaſed gore,
Hoiſts the full ſail, and quits the waſted ſhore.

Now from the ſcanty crew the goblins dire
Avert a while the dart: the fiends require
A fuller carnage. On the haploſs train,
T' avenge whoſe wrongs they loſt the burning plain,
They turn, infatiate; and with recreant rage,
On the chain'd ſufferers wars atrocious wage.

Soon as umbrageous night on raven wings
O'er the ſad freight her dewy opiates flings,
Pack'd in cloſe miſery, the reeking crowd,
Sweltering in chains, pollute the hot abode.
In painful rows with ſtudious art compreſt,
Smoking they lie, and breathe the humid peſt:
Moiſten'd with gore, on the hard platform ground,
The bare-rub'd joint ſoon burſts the painful bound;
Sinks in th' obdurate plank with racking force,
And ploughs,—dire taſk, its agonizing courſe!

Nor

Nor can they turn to an exchange of pains,
Preſt in their narrow cribs, and girt with chains,
Th' afflictive poſture all relief denies,
Recruiting ſleep the ſqualid manſion flies,
In one long groan the feeble throng unite;
One ſtrain of anguiſh waſtes the lengthen'd night.
With broad'ning diſk, and ſlow increaſing ray,
Up from old ocean climbs the orb of day.
Then the drear hatchway morning hands diſcloſe,
And point the ſufferers to a change of woes.
Soon as the gorged cell of dim diſeaſe
Opes the ſick paſſage to a quicker breeze,
From the rank maw, belched up in morbid ſteam,
The hot miſt thickens in the ſide-long beam;
When from the noiſome cave, the drooping crowd,
In fetter'd pairs break through the miſty cloud
With keen deſpair they eye the morning's glow,
And curſe the added day that ſwells their woe.
Wet with foul damps, behold the ſad array
Diſcloſe their mis'ry to th' unpitying day.
Look at yon wretch (a melancholy caſe!)
Grief in his eye, deſpair upon his face;
His fellow—ſee—from orbs of blood-ſhot ire
On his pale tyrants dart th' indignant fire!
Striving with feeble force to preſs the grate,
Yon ſtruggling ſuff'rer heaves a pond'rous weight.

Stripes from the ſounding laſh, fierce drawn, ſucceed,
To give the fainting trembler hapleſs ſpeed.
Alas! the ſounding laſh applies in vain;
For cloſe united by the feſt'ring chain,
His dead companion up th' untoward height,
(Struck by the mortal miniſters of night)
The living victim tugs with painful throes;
Himſelf, leſs bleſt, reſerv'd for keener woes.

Now hot black clouds in ſpreading volumes riſe;
Now culinary uproar ſhakes the ſkies.
Spread through the venom'd ſhip, with buſtling care,
A joyleſs meal the tyrant-whites prepare.
Marſhal'd around th' unwiſh'd-for meſs they lie,
And the ſtrange nutriments diſcons'late eye:
Sunk with dejection, ſome the viands ſpare,
Some with keen ſcorn reject the proffer'd fare,
Keep the ſuperior pride, that nerves the brave,
Nor, free-born, taſte the portion of a ſlave.
But ſee the ſcourge, that ſpares nor ſex nor age,
Stripe follows ſtripe, in boundleſs, brutal rage.
See the vile engines in the hateful cauſe
Are plied relentleſs; in the ſtraining jaws
The wrenching inſtruments with barbarous force
Shew the deteſted food th' unwilling courſe.
But vain are torments; fenced by deathleſs bounds
Beyond the reach of agonizing wounds,

'Midſt

'Midſt adamantine bulwarks thron'd ſerene,
Immortal *freedom* holds ſuperior reign;
Smiles from the heights of his eternal tower
On tyrant's malice, and oppreſſion's power.
In the thick gloom of yonder penſive ſhade
Is loſt *Abyeda*'s wretched form diſplay'd,
Abyeda, once among the vocal throng
The theme and miſtreſs of each rural ſong:
Once the blithe leader of each feſtive ſcene,
That woke the muſic of the joyous green.
Ne'er did ſuch nymph before her brightneſs lave
Within *Formoſa*'s deep, tranſlucent wave.
O'er her ſmooth form grace threw her waving line,
And beauty wandered in the rich deſign.
Unrivall'd long had liv'd the happy maid;
And many a hero had her love eſſay'd.
But youthful *Quam'na* was the virgin's pride;
Her friend, protector, and her faithful guide.
Faſt by her ſide he kept his guardian way,
Leſt treach'rous *Whites* ſhould ſeize the tempting prey.
The freſh'ning cocoas from their height he bore,
Cluſt'ring bananas ſpread their juicy ſtore,
The ſpotted ſpoils too deck'd her rural bow'r,
When from the chace, in the dear ev'ning hour,
Glowing, ſhe met him with the welcome ſmile;
Pleas'd, and yet anxious at the manly toil.

And now through dewy dawn, the riſing ray
Lights up the radiance of their bridal day.
With early nymphs within the buſy room,
Amidſt the labours of the flying loom
Of vivid tints ſhe plied the various thread;
The long-plann'd work, to grace the nuptial bed.
With beating ſteps reſounds the hollow floor;
To rapid ſtrokes reſponds the clam'rous door.
With breathleſs energy ſhe flies amain,
To meet her *Quam'no* and the bridal train.
Alas! no *Quam'no* meets her eager eye—
In ruſh the ſpoilers with deteſted cry,
Seize with rapacious force the trembling prey;
And to the ſhore the hapleſs maid convey.

When urg'd by rage, or hunger's burning force,
The rav'ning lion darts his furious courſe,
And through the num'rous herd undaunted goes;
So *Quam'no* ruſhes through the crowd of foes.
Carves his fierce way, entwines the fainting maid:
But vain protection;—lo! a treach'rous blade,
Darted behind him with unerring aim,
Impales him deep; convuls'd the bleeding frame,
Plunges indignant o'er the tainted ground,
Life rolls his torrent through the yawning wound,
O'er his fierce eyes death's hideous ſhadows move
With ſable veil, and ſhut out light and love.

Abyeda

Abyeda now upon the lifeleſs form,
Sinks in deſpair beneath the trying ſtorm.
The murd'rous ſtroke that mark'd his early tomb,
Involves her intellects in deadly gloom.
Her wounded reaſon the ſad manſion flies:
Senſe wanders widely, and reflection dies!
Now (ſcourges having long their fury ſpent)
Gloomy and ſad, beneath oppreſſion bent,
Round her gall'd neck the feſt'ring iron winds,
And to the gloomy maſt oppreſſive binds.
Sad ſtrains of feeble melancholy flow;
Half-meaning fragments of recorded woe,
In wild ſucceſſion break the penſive lay,
Through the drear night and lamentable day.
Her ſad aſſociates lift the melting tones,
And join each cadence with according groans.
But ſick'ning nature with the burden reels;
O'er her wan face the deadly jaundice ſteals;
The ſpirits die; the nerveleſs limb's unſtrung;
With mortal gripe the wounded heart-ſtring's wrung;
Fix'd her ſunk eye—her love-lorn ditty fails,
Life beats tumultuous 'gainſt the feeble pales—
Convulſive throbs expel the final breath,
And o'er the fatal cloſe ſits ghaſtly death.
Hark! from yon lodge in many a wounding groan
A lab'ring fair one raiſe the feeble moan!

Swift to the darkſome cell the females fly,
To ſtill the tumult of th' expected cry:
Join the deep woe with one combin'd exclaim;
As pangs maternal ſhake her drooping frame.
Heav'ns! what a manſion for the tender woes,
The painful travail partial nature throws
Upon the gentler ſex—When lenient art
And ſoothing care ſhould cheer the fainting heart,
Here, with dejected wretchedneſs enclos'd,
To brutal hands and impious eyes expos'd,
Her ſacred ſorrows the ſad criſis preſs,
Occurrent horrors, premature diſtreſs,
Spread with foul clouds the inauſpicious ray,
That opes the new-born victim's doleful day!
Behold her bending o'er her infant charge,
Hear the laments her copious grief enlarge.
" Ill-fated innocent (ſhe wailing cries).
" Thou joy and anguiſh of theſe aching eyes,
" Of parent miſery the hapleſs heir,
" Thy mother gives the welcome of deſpair;
" Greets thy unconſcious ſmile with throbbing fears;
" Repays thy fondneſs with preſageful tears.
" Where now the joys ſhould light the holy bow'r?
" Where the ſweet hopes that wings the natal hour?
" Nor hope's bleſt dawn ſhall e'er thy fancy warm;
" Nor joy's ſweet ſmile e'er cheer thy mortal form.

No

" No father hails thee with a conſcious pride;
" Thy future worth no flatt'ring friends decide:
" A wretched mother preſs'd by tyrant fate,
" Can yield no ſuccour to thy helpleſs ſtate:
" The ſpoiler's chains, that load her languid frame,
" By ſpoiler's right thy fetter'd ſervice claim."
For ev'ry virtue fam'd, ye Britiſh fair,
Can ye this foul reproach unheedful bear?
O riſe auſpicious, lead the lib'ral train,
That aims to ſhake oppreſſion's iron reign.
A nation's councils oft' your pow'r obey;
The wars of nations own your ſov'reign ſway.
In ſoft humanity's congenial courſe,
Your kindling charms will claim reſiſtleſs force:
When beauty lifts her eye in mis'ry's cauſe,
Compaſſion wakes, and follows with applauſe.
Fainting with ſuch a courſe of loathſome views
And length of horrors, the dejected muſe
Spreads her tir'd wings, and, with deſponding mien,
Flies o'er the cloſe of the deſtructive ſcene;
Sees the dire bark 'midſt direr regions ſteer;
Hears the plung'd anchor tell grim ſlav'ry near;
Beholds the fell receivers quickly pour
In ſavage ſwarms upon the blood-ſtain'd ſhore,
Sees them approach with all their ſtore of chains,
To load (curſt act!) oppreſſion's weak remains.

Now o'er the gloomy ſhip, in villain guiſe,
The ſhrouding canvaſs drawn, ſhuts out the ſkies.
The pitchy curtain throws a ſhade between,
(Meet apparatus for the horrid ſcene,)
Rang'd all in rows, and ſtation'd at command,
In trembling ſtate the wretched victims ſtand;
And dumb and almoſt lifeleſs they await
The dreadful ſignal that's to mark their fate.
With cords now furniſh'd, and the impious chain,
And all the hangman-garniture of pain,
Ruſh the dread fiends, and with impetuous ſway,
Faſten rapacious on the ſhudd'ring prey.
What ſhrieks of terror reach the ſick'ning ſkies,
What floods of anguiſh drown their wounded eyes,
As ſtrife tumultuous ſhakes the *ſcrambling* brood,
Scrambling for *human fleſh*—for *kindred blood!*
Struck with diſmay, ſee yonder fainting heap!
Yon ruſhing group plunge headlong in the deep!
(With the fierce blaſt extinct the vital fires)
Yon falling maid, ſhrieks—ſhivers—and expires.
As in cloſe folds the fated victims cling,
Their circling cords the ruffian agents fling;
Tear from the lock'd embrace the weeping ſpoil,
As av'rice marks it capable of toil;
And binding into lots the ſtruggling band,
Drag them ferocious to the waſteful land.

Now in the ſurge is dipp'd the bladed oar,
And wafts a boat-load to the guilty ſhore.
One dreadful ſhriek aſſaults th' affrighted ſky,
As to their friends the parted victims cry.
With imprecating ſcreams of horror wild,
The frantick mother calls her ſever'd child.
One univerſal tumult raves around;
From boat to ſhip reſponds the frantick ſound:
And flies with tenfold anguiſh to the throne,
Where *juſtice* ſits, and calls the thunder down.
Immortal King! in whoſe impartial eye,
Nor clime, nor realm ſuperior ſtate enjoy.
No worm-rais'd ſtation warps thy juſt decree,
No tinctur'd ſkin's a prejudice to thee;
But to thy ſov'reign care the various frame
Of men and nations finds an equal claim!
How long wilt thou th' aſcending cries withſtand!
How long retain the thunder in thine hand?
Or doſt thou rather from the horrid ſcene
Turn thy relenting eye to the ſoft mien
Of proſtrate *mercy*; who, with ſtreaming eye
Arreſts thy wrath, and puts the tempeſt by.
Haſt thou diſpatch'd her, rob'd in virgin white,
Thy joyful delegate from realms of light?
Ah! yes; I ſee her tread the favour'd land:
I know the meek-eyed pow'r; ſhe takes her ſtand,

Where the *ſelected few*, with ſapient care
The gen'rous aims of *liberty* prepare.
The ſacred delegates from freedom's throne
Through Afric's ſoil ſpeed the commiſſion'd boon.
Quick through the joyful land the tidings ring;
Rejoicing crowds th' enfranchis'd bleſſing ſing.
Science awaken'd leads the free-born ſtrain;
And arts and commerce follow in the train.
Rear'd by protecting laws new cities riſe,
And heave their turrets to the lucid ſkies.
Trade lifts his trident o'er the ſilver tide,
New harbours opens, bids his navies ride;
Sees, unpolluted by oppreſſion's hand,
His honeſt wealth ſtream through the joyous land;
His crowded quays heap'd with the guiltleſs toil,
Iv'ry and gold in many a burniſh'd pile,
Drugs, ſpices, gums, in rich profuſion thrown,
And all the treaſures of the torrid zone.
Culture emergent o'er the damaſk plains
Spreads her rich veſt, and gaudy Flora reigns.
Where marſhes once diſplay'd their ſickly green,
Health lifts her roſeat face, and points ſerene
The cot, where mild Content with conſcious grace
Smiles on her huſband Labour's glowing face.
Pierc'd by no ſuns, th' interminable wood,
Whoſe pathleſs gloom ſcreen'd horror's drear abode,

Opes its long viſtas to the cheerful loves:
And nymphs and ſylvans in the ſcented groves
(Where demons us'd to haunt the thorny ſhade)
Aſſemble blithe, and ſweep th' unfolded glade.
In freedom's train, the ever foremoſt band,
The jocund muſes ſkim the happy land.
Sweet *Poeſy* precedes the virgin quire
Calls Inſpiration with her ſounding lyre:
Gives to awaken'd verſe th' auſpicious morn,
Whoſe mid-day fire ſhall quicken bards unborn.
In the full ſuffrage of immortal ſtrains
The future *Hayley* of theſe ſolar plains,
Warm'd by the theme, will ſhake the tuneful ſhores,
From Gambia's flood to mild Angola's bow'rs.
His heav'n-born lay will fire th' enraptur'd throng,
While neighb'ring realms hang o'er the ſacred ſong,
That ſings, How wafted from the genial iſle,
Whoſe ſilver clifts on circling ocean ſmile,
Looſe-veſted liberty, by *Mercy* led,
Broke the huge chain, preſs'd *Slav'ry*'s miſcreant head,
Bad reſcu'd Nature claim her birth-right boaſt;
And *Britiſh* freedom ſmile on *Afric*'s coaſt.

FINIS.

Opes its long vistas to the cheerful lover:
And nymphs and Sylvans in the fenced groves
(Where demons us'd to haunt the thorny shade)
Assemble blithe, and tread the unclouded glade.

In Freedom's train, the ever foremost band,
The jocund muses lead the happy land.
Swift Fancy precedes the virgin quire:
Calls Euphrosyne with her bounding lyre:
Gives to awaken'd vocal sky auspicious morn,
Whole, mid-day fire shall quicken bards unborn.

In the full harvings of immortal brains
The future Greeks of classic solar plains,
Warm'd by the theme, will shake the tuneful fleece,
From Gaul's flood to wild Angola's bow'rs.
His heav'n-born fay will fire th' enraptur'd throng,
While neighb'ring realms hang o'er the sacred song,
That sings, how wak'd the genial life,
Whole silver cliffs on ocean fertile,
Loose-veiled liberty, by Mercy led,
Broke the huge chain, prest Slavery's miscreant head,
Had reclaim'd Nature claim her birth-right bond;
And Divine freedom smile on Afric's coast.

THE END.